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A pure, refined, delightfully perfumed toilet cream for cleansing and massaging the skin. Application at night will soften, whiten and beautify the complexion. Sunburn, tan and roughness of the skin quickly yield to its use. Two sizes.

Price 35c and 65c

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Winslow Bros.
DRUG STORE
Alma, Mich.

THAT EMPTY PULPIT

And Why Sometimes It Is Difficult to Fill It.

Ladies of the Congregation Have Decided Views as to the Minister Who Is to Be Honored by the Proposed Call.

A charming afternoon in April—one of those days with just enough chill in the air to make the sun feel comfortable when you cross to the sunny side of the street. Just one of those April afternoons when Mrs. Richard Pennington Hall declares she has been scarcely a place all winter and just must get out. Mrs. Hamilton Ross finds herself in the same situation, and they are not alone in their decision.

An hour later, on the main street of the town:

"How do you do, Mrs. Ross? So delightful to be out this lovely day! Yes, just like myself, I feel like I had been shut in so long by the cold weather!"

"Certainly, I was there. We must turn out to hear all the candidates for our pulpit."

"No, I really can't agree with you. There was something about him that I did not like. False teeth, you say?"

"Are you sure? I told Richard he had an impediment in his speech! Well, that settles it—let's have a preacher with his teeth growing in his head."

"Of course I'm sorry for Brother Hope if he expected to get the place, but we can't help it! Good-by, yes do come real soon!"

Mrs. Richard Pennington Hall hurries along (she usually hurries at everything) and some few moments later, when grabbing laces at the bargain counter, fortunately comes upon Mrs. William Cotton Adams, who is similarly occupied. Laces at bargain prices are forgotten in the thrill each experiences in a chance for a friendly chat.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Hall, how do you do? I've just been dying to have a good talk with you. What have you heard about the last minister we had on trial? What do you think of him? Yes, in a way I liked him, but there was something about him I did not like. Did you notice it, too? Yes, he made all his gestures with his left hand. Is he left-handed? Oh, indeed, of all things. So awkward looking. For my part, I hope we'll not get him. Someone was saying he had false teeth, too. That's too many defects in one man, I say."

"So glad we have had such a nice chat. Oh, we'll hear several more before we decide on the new minister. Heavens! 5 o'clock and time to close. I don't see why they close so early. Goodby, come and see me soon."

Two weeks later:

Mrs. James Jordan White boards a Forest avenue car and finds three of the members of her sewing society all going in her direction, so here was too good an opportunity to miss to discuss the new minister.

"Oh, how do you do, all of you? What did you think of last Sunday's supply?"

"Short and fat! Well, I should say so! And wheezy, too! I just said to Mr. White I'd bet he'd laid up with asthma a good part of the time!"

"You don't mean to tell me the committee intends to bring that Rev. Nathaniel Hopkins of Chicago here on trial?"

"Oh, dear, I've got to get off here and we haven't half finished our chat! Well, if it's the same Doctor Hopkins that I've heard preach, we don't want him! He's lame—I think he has a wooden leg!"

"Goodby, everybody! Come and see me. I do hope we'll finally get a preacher we all like!"—Kansas City Star.

Read Up on Civil War.

One of the peculiar facts concerning the entrance of America into the war the stimulus given to reading and discussion of the American Civil war. The perusal of Civil war histories in England has become almost a mania and more books treating of the great conflict have been sold in England in one year than in America during the last ten years.

The reason is simple: England and the allies generally "want a line" on the American as a fighting man. The Spanish-American war failed as an adequate criterion because we had Spain so hopelessly outclassed from the beginning. But some of the greatest battles in the history of the world were fought in the Civil war. The percentage of death losses in actual battle were higher than that of any other war ever fought. The verdict seems to be that Americans know a good deal about the sanguinary business of killing.

Down Below.

First Mermaid—What on earth is Curly Locks so busy about when it is time for her to be sitting here on the rocks with her golden comb?

Second Ditto—Oh, she's got the Hoover fever from some shipwrecked humans, and she's down in the coral cave putting up jellyfish.

Wise Resolve.

"Did you make any New Year resolutions?"

"Yes; one."

"What was it?"

"Not to make any."

His Limitations.

Tommy—The Kaiser's an overlord, ain't he?

Sonny—Yes, but you bet he ain't an over-the-top lord.

Spasmodic Sermon.

The world may owe every man a living, but some fellows are convinced that the world has been holding out back pay on 'em for a long time.

In Large Supply.

When you start to borrow trouble he loan is generally oversubscribed.—Boston Transcript.

Douglas Fairbanks' new one, "His Majesty, the American," Idlehour Sunday.—adv.

"Rush!"

By CECILLE LANGDON

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

Effie Lowther, eighteen, pretty as a picture, but pitifully poor and obscure, was a dreamer. Not that she did not do her share in the practical realities of life, but in the absence of the glamor of money, friends and variety she built up a fabric out of pure moonshine, romanticism and mystery.

Effie did not believe that the days of chivalry and fairy godmothers had entirely departed, only that destiny had not come her way. She and her younger brother Nat were motherless when her father died. His health had broken down and he found himself able to work only half of the time. They lived in two rooms in a house owned by a Mrs. Porter, who rented out its apartments. After the funeral of Mr. Lowther, the kind-hearted landlady interested herself in the children sufficiently to enable them to live comfortably until they were a little older.

"You can remain in the two rooms," she told them, "for I shall make the rent only eight dollars a month. I am sure Nat can get a position as a messenger boy for a telegraph company."

"But I want to work, too," announced Effie.

"You shall, dear," agreed Mrs. Porter. "Until you can look around I will allow you four dollars a week to help me take care of the rooms. That will give you plenty of time to read and study between whiles, and I will take pride and pleasure in selecting books that will be of education and benefit to you."

And then as the fear of poverty dimmed and independence took its place, brother and sister began to plan for a broader life experience. Effie was quite a young lady. Nat saw advancement ahead and they led a contented and hopeful existence.

Then a common, everyday incident transpired that at first shocked Effie and then aroused her to finish up an exciting episode. It was announced just at dusk one evening by the appearance of a policeman assisting Nat, limping and wincing with pain, into the neat little room where Effie had a nice warm supper all ready waiting for her brother.

"Fell under a truck and foot smashed," reported the officer, as he placed Nat on a couch. "Drug store man bound it up and says no bones broken, but the lad won't get around for a week."

"Oh, Nat, dear! Are you hurt dreadfully?" began Effie, but Nat waved her to silence. "See here, Sis," he spoke rapidly, "never mind about me. I'm all right. Now don't you lose one minute. I was on a rush special when I tumbled. Here," and he drew an envelope from his pocket, "and here," and he extended a five-dollar bank note. "Take 'em, quick, and get to the addresses on the envelope. The boss gave me the money and instructions as per sender to deliver posthaste. You know I've got the A-1 record at the office, and I want to keep it. Spare no expense. There's three addresses to go to—office, club and home—see? Take 'em in order—fly!"

Effie was too intelligent and too familiar with the messenger routine from what Nat had told her, not to comprehend what was expected from her. She hailed the first taxicab she came to. First the office address—closed. The club—Mr. Albion Ward had not been there since the day previous. The residence address—it was a handsome mansion and Effie promptly rang the doorbell. It brought a servant who led her into a handsomely furnished library where sat a handsome, clear-eyed young man and a young lady, apparently his sister.

Effie was excited and fairly breathless, as she tendered the envelope. "It's for Albion," the man said to his companion. "It must be important." He opened it, grew animated and excited and hurried to a telephone. The young lady motioned Effie to a chair with a pleasant smile. Then was silence in the room except for over a dozen calls to various places in succession. The sender seemed frantic to locate Mr. Albion Ward, evidently his brother. At last he seemed to succeed.

"Drop everything! Come home at once," Effie heard him say. "Yes, it's a wire from Barty and it means a hundred thousand dollars if you get in touch with him by midnight. Young lady," and he turned with brightened eyes and bated breath to Effie, "ten minutes later and my brother would have been speeding West on a train, leaving the fortune of his life behind him." And then Sylvia Ward and her brother, Leslie, heard how a girl came to be acting as a messenger as Effie told her story. Miss Ward insisted on providing a lunch for the plucky girl who had saved the day, and after that Leslie Ward took Effie home in his own automobile.

He treated her so courteously and evinced so much more than friendly interest, that Effie wondered if the prince charming she had so often dreamed of had come into her life. She knew it a month later when, after several calls upon her, Leslie Ward asked her to become his wife.

The Black Sheep.

A Kansas City girl, who a year ago scandalized her weeping family by laughing aloud at her sister's wedding, disgusted the relatives again this week by adding through the sister's divorce hearing, utterly oblivious to the smiles of her aged mother and jubilant sisters.—Kansas City Star.

Elinor Glyn's story, "The Career of Katherine Bush" is wonderful. Idlehour Sunday.—adv.

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